

Never Again: Rake Donsom's Poems During the War

by Admiral Rake Donsom

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Summary: From my other stories, you understood that I was a marine during the Covenant-Human war. I fought battles, bled, got shot and almost died for our nation. What you don't know, was that many of my writings will live on forever, ever lasting in the hearts of the veterans. (sort of an S-I)

1. No name

No name

Why believe when you have no hope?

Why hope when you don't believe?

Why rise when you are grounded by death?

Why die when you are alight by life?

Why sing happiness in the middle of war?

Why give silence when you are in peace?

-Lieutenant Rake Donsom

Notes under Rake Donsom's Poem:

I look upon the frozen skies. The space where death stays frozen still, never to come back, forever to stay. Why has the Covenant ever come? Why did my friend and mother have to die? My tears lay a path, down my cheek. Whatever I must do has been fated to me. The sorrow I feel must be forgotten, and my duty must be done. With an air of finality, my deal has been done.

From my still, lying, position, I rise up. My gun clicks into my hands as I see the fallen soldiers around me. Blood may flow; HUMAN blood may flow, but our hearts NEVER DIE! I roared bravely, strongly,

and charged at the enemy ranks.

This is the last stand. Of Harvest.

2. In Flanders Field: Rewrite

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
>Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the
sky
>The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns
below.

We have fought for our lives

And for those, who are still alive.

Most are dead, glassed away,

But our spirit leads the way,

to repel, The Covenant.

and now, we make a deal,

In Flanders fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
>Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the
sky
>The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns
below.

I am the dead.

Short days ago we lead,

The ongoing heroic humans

That tries to live, another day

And now, we lay

In Flanders fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
>Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the
sky
>The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns
below.

by: Sargent Rake Donsom in the Covenant-Human war, a edited copy of
Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae's 'In Flanders Fields'

End
file.